

Fred Hampton
was
a Black Panther

(The Gateway, Nov. 20)

—Terry Malanchuk photo

Two Panthers killed

Police looking for two other Black Panthers on charges of illegal possession of firearms

CHICAGO (CUP) — Saskatchewan Attorney-General Darrell Heald doesn't have to worry any more about Black Panther William Calvin, who was deported from Canada following charges by Heald that the panther was "stirring up sedition among Canadian Indians" during a Canadian visit two weeks ago.

Calvin was shot and killed by Illinois State Police Thursday during a 15-minute gunfight at his Chicago apartment.

The police were looking for Fred Hampton, deputy chairman of the Illinois Black Panther party, and for state chairman Bobby Rush, both on charges of illegal possession of firearms.

Rush is now in hiding.

Also killed in the incident was 22-year-old panther Mark Clark. Calvin and fellow-panther Jer-

aldine Eldridge were deported from Canada Nov. 21 after Canadian Immigration officials declared they were "imposters," travelling under false names and credentials.

The two were travelling under the names of Fred Hampton and Stephanie Fisher. They were deported following a closed hearing, after Heald made his accusations and after complaints from Regina City Council that "there is something wrong with the Immigration Department if these people are let in" to the country.

The two spoke to students at the University of Alberta and the Regina Campus of the University of Saskatchewan, where "Chairman Fred" (Calvin's nickname in the party) told students that "the

only difference between Canada and Chicago is that you're a further north part of Babylon."

The Chicago incident occurred hours after U.S. Secret Service agents in San Francisco arrested David Hilliard, Black Panther party chief of staff, on a charge of threatening the life of U.S. President Richard Nixon in an anti-

war rally speech Nov. 15.

According to Chicago sources, the panthers decided after Hilliard's arrest that Hampton and Rush would become the top spokesmen for the panthers, and that the party's national headquarters would be moved to Chicago.

Approximately three hours later, the Chicago incident occurred.

ASA draws disappointing response of only thirty

By LANA YAKIMCHUK

The Arts Students' Association has fallen a long way from its first 700 student meeting, as only 30 people showed for the meeting in the arts lounge Wednesday.

"We were really disappointed with the waning response the organization drew," said Andy von Busse, ASA president Thursday.

The meeting Wednesday was dominated by Jeff Caskenette, students' union arts rep.

Mr. Caskenette opened the meeting with a motion to order stationery, office supplies, and letterheads to be financed with funds received from the faculty of arts.

Mr. Caskenette further moved to send letters to all arts students in order to educate the members of the ASA about the ASA.

Mr. Caskenette's third motion

was to distribute membership cards.

All three motions were tabled until the secretary could look further into the matter.

A report by Mr. Caskenette on the Arts Faculty Committee and their undergraduate societies was followed by a warm discussion on the role of undergrad societies in the ASA.

Because not enough was known about the methods of selecting undergrad societies, it was decided to ratify members of undergrad societies as proved appropriate after further study.

The final result of the meeting was a decision to get involved only in such activities as teach-ins and forums rather than departmental affairs until such time as the ASA was firmly established.

Students' union rehires fired U of Sask lecturer

REGINA (CUP)—Jeff Goodman, sociology lecturer fired by the University of Saskatchewan Board of Governors last month, will teach a class at Regina Campus next semester after all.

The Regina students' union agreed at a meeting Wednesday night to hire Goodman to teach a class, "The Practical Sociology of Regina," in the spring semester.

The union is currently negotiating with the board to have Goodman's class recognized as credit toward a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Student council academic chairman Fred Storey said the union's decision is "a last-ditch attempt to keep Goodman on campus."

The reason given by the administration for not rehiring Goodman was his conviction in Banff last summer for theft of a 39-cent can opener.

"It's our hope," he said, "that Goodman will eventually be rehired by the university. For a qualified instructor to lose his job over such a minor altercation is a loss to the entire university community."

"The theft charge is a red-herring," said Regina student paper editor Bob Ellis in a special edition of The Carillon. "Goodman is being punished because his views are of a radical nature."

"Goodman is one of a group of social science teachers at Regina under constant harassment from the administration for the radical content of their classes and for their attacks on the grading system."

Ellis said it is "ludicrous that the students' union should be forced to take over a function that is clearly the administration's responsibility."

McGill senators deny students an autonomous students' union

MONTREAL (CUP)—The McGill senate dealt a stunning blow to the autonomy of the campus student council Nov. 26, refusing to ratify the students' new constitution which was overwhelmingly adopted in a student referendum last March.

If the senate had approved the constitutional amendments it would have been the last time the university's highest academic body would be called on to examine the document which governs student affairs—and therein lies the problem.

The new constitution would delete the clause requiring amendments to be ratified by the senate: the senators insisted that their veto power had to stay, and showed why by using it.

If the senate were to ratify the document, said vice-principal Stanley Frost, "the students' society would then become a completely autonomous body."

Student senator Sheely Ungar proposed that the senate pass those clauses in the constitution that were acceptable and return only the disputed clauses. But student

president Julius Gray attacked the proposed compromise as "a bigger sell-out than if the whole constitution were returned, and Ungar's motion died for lack of a seconder."

Wedding bells for our Chairman Max

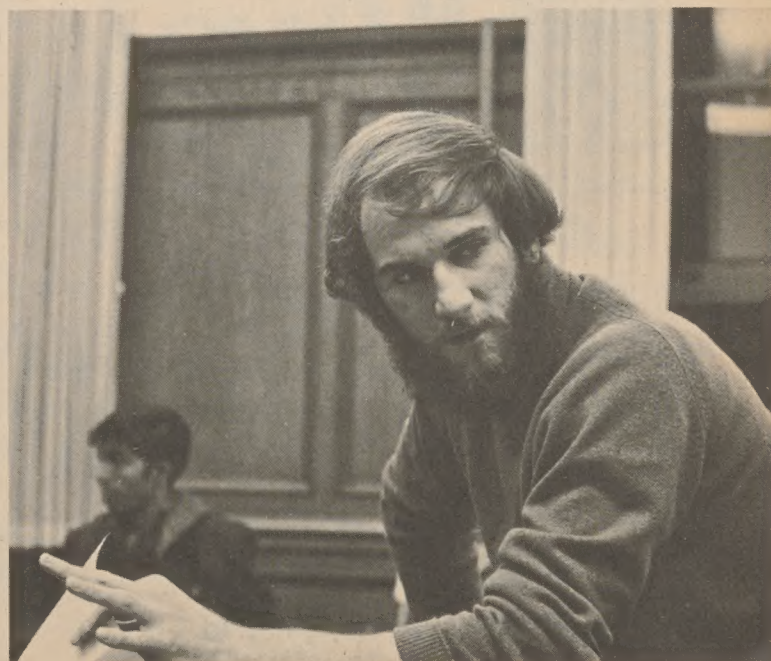
The staff of The Gateway wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Ruth MacLellan and Dr. Max Wyman on the occasion of their engagement.

The blushing groom-to-be said they had not yet set the date, but said he hoped it would be soon.

The former assistant dean of women and the U of A president announced their engagement Thursday, when a Gateway reporter called and harassed Max until he confessed.

Mrs. MacLellan resigned her post December 1.

Sorry about this Max, but we may not be invited to the wedding, and we have to get our rice thrown while we may.



JEFF CASKENETTE

... a finger in every ASA pie

Osep Cheladyn photo

short shorts

Kneller summer travel awards for men

The Kneller Foundation offers several summer travel awards to male undergraduates who will have at least one more academic session on this campus. Academic standing, extra-curricular activities and personality will be considered. The trip is a conducted tour of Europe and will be composed entirely of Canadian and American students. The cost to the student will be \$750 plus travel to and from New York plus spending money.

TODAY

STUDENT CINEMA
Student Cinema presents "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" at 7 and 9 p.m. in SUB.

EDMONTON STUDENT MOVEMENT
A meeting to discuss the DIE Board hearing (Sat. at 9 a.m.) concerning the barring of ESM literature from the Art Gallery will be held Friday at 8 p.m. in SUB 140. Everyone welcome to contribute ideas and suggestions.

ROOM AT THE TOP COFFEE HOUSE
The students' union will sponsor a Coffee House featuring C+1 and Dave Kealy at the Room at the Top from 9-12.

U OF A WOMEN'S CURLING
A dual meet with the University of Calgary will be held Friday and Saturday at the SUB Curling Rink. Action begins at 9 p.m. Friday and runs from 9 a.m. Saturday till 12 noon.

PANDA BASKETBALL
The U of A Pandas will host the University of Victoria Vikes Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Main Gym.

EDMONTON SYMPHONY

The concert preview sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Edmonton Symphony Society will be held at 10 a.m. in the Music rooms of the Edmonton Public Library. Mr. Lawrence Leonard, conductor of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, will discuss the program to be presented at the weekend concerts.

SU SOCIAL

A students' union "social" will be held in Dinwoodie from 3-7 p.m., Friday, Dec. 5. Admission 50 cents, free music and food. Refreshments 35 cents a bottle. Students must be over 21 and able to produce suitable ID.

SATURDAY

NEWMAN CLUB
The Newman Club presents the Classical Folk at 8 p.m. in the St. Joe's College basement. The admission is 50 cents for members, 75 cents for non-members.

THAI NIGHT IN EDMONTON

The organization of Thai Students presents "Thai Night in Edmonton" at 7 p.m. in SUB Theatre. Cultural shows, handicrafts and Thai costumes will be shown.

CHRISTMAS TEA

The University Women's Club will hold their Christmas Tea from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. at Room 140. There will be a silver collection taken and entertainment will be provided by the Department of Music.

SUNDAY

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Forum presents "Film and Religion" with speaker D. J. Burke at 8 p.m. in St. Joe's College.

GOLDEN BEAR BAND CONCERT

The Golden Bear Bands will give a Christmas concert at 8:30 p.m. in SUB Theatre. Admission is free.

GYMNASTICS CLUB

There will be an organizational meeting of the Gymnastics Club at 12 noon in SUB 104.

MONDAY

CAMPUS LIBERALS

The Campus Liberals will hold their regular meeting at 7:30 in SUB.

OTHERS

TREASURE VAN

The Treasure Van will be at the U of A on Wednesday and Thursday from

noon to 10 p.m. in the Arts Lounge. Anyone interested in helping is asked to contact Nina Tarzinsky at 455-2331.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

On Wednesday at 4 p.m. in Con Hall the Department of Music Chorus will present a Christmas program. On Thursday at 8:30 in Con Hall, the St. Cecilia Chamber Orchestra will give the second in a series of programs. Included in the program will be works by Haydn, Grieg and Milhaud. Admission for both performances is free.

BOREAL CIRCLE

The third Boreal Circle meeting will be held on Tuesday at 8 p.m. in Ed 129. The guest speaker will be Mr. Gordon R. Cameron, former Commissioner of the Yukon Territory and the title of his talk will be "Yukon Yesterday and Today."

RODEO CLUB

The U of A Rodeo Club is holding a "Get-Together" at 7:30 on Tuesday in the Lister Hall Music Room. There will be films shown and coffee and doughnuts will be available.

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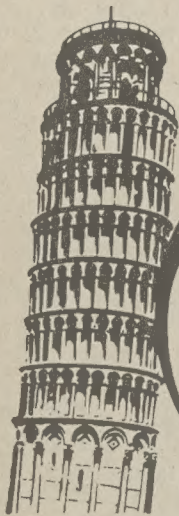
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The university as post office—a fable

Any similarity between the university described herein and any actual institution dead or dying is obviously purely a matter of sheer coincidence.

Once upon a time, not so long ago and not so very far away, in a kingdom just over the mountains from the sea, there lived twin brothers who were both virtuous and intelligent. Now these brothers, being of an age as often happens with twins, concluded their time at high school in the same year. As is frequently the case with twins, one was more inclined by natural bent to studious pursuits and he it was who determined to become a political scientist. The other twin, being less studious and more impatient, decided on a career as a postman and a postman, in fact, he did become. Eventually it happened that the day came when he was to make his first trek in the delivery of the mail. To this end he was fitted by Chief Mailer with two sacks—one of which was slung over each shoulder. One bag was filled to brimming with pieces of mail to be delivered and the other was filled with rocks. Upon this the mail twin, being young and therefore brash, dared to speak out thus:

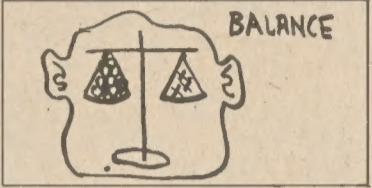


"Why must I carry these rocks around when they have no relevance to that which I am attempting to accomplish?"

"Because," said Chief Mailer, "the rocks balance the load of mail on the other side so that you may attend your appointed rounds as a well-balanced person."

To this the twin gave answer: "Sir, the energy, effort and time consumed in carrying this added burden are wasted in that they contribute nothing toward achieve-

ment of my aims. As well, the rocks do but slow me down by their added weight and thus hinder me in the accomplishment of my vocation. Surely, in such circumstances, to carry these rocks in this bag I must needs also have rocks in my head which would re-



sult again in an unbalanced mail, man. Would it not be more logical to acquire this desired equilibrium through the use of something that would further my ends—perhaps more mail, if even that of a different nature to the first class matter that fills the other bag at present?" (For being intelligent he realized it takes a big mail to keep two bags on the street.)

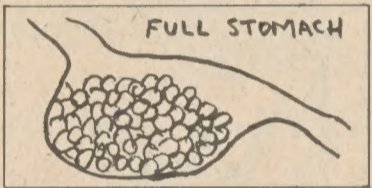
Chief Mailer allowed considerable thought to this novel suggestion before he told the youth, "Yes, it would indeed be more logical and therefore desirable. I will take it up with Higher Authority. But," he added, "do not expect changes overnight because haste is rudeness and we are the civil service."

In due course the word was passed down from Higher Authority to Lower Authority and from Lower Authority to Chief Mailer—"Since the carrying of rocks by persons who have no use for rocks is wasteful of time and energy and additionally is a denial of opportunity to further the work of accomplishment, henceforward it will no longer be necessary for our employees to be members of a rock group. It is preferable that they be mail men."

Now the other twin (male but not mail) enrolled in Great University which was the oldest and northernmost university in the kingdom in which he lived. Enrolment was an experience which left

him starry-eyed in anticipation of the intellectual riches with which he felt sure he was about to be endowed. Before long, however, there came upon him great frustration for it came to pass that it was made known unto him that Great Policy at Great University decreed that he also be endowed with a lab science, like grandmother's annual spring-time application of Sulphur-and-Molasses, was delivered as a matter of course. His name, therefore, was duly inscribed on the roster of Geology students.

It further appeared that this lab science was to take twice as much of his time as any of the helpful courses. Being of a philosophical nature the youth reasoned that if he devoted two classes to that which was without purpose and if this time was denied to that which retained applicability, he was, in effect, being swindled of four courses. Although of passing intelligence the youth was unfamiliar with Great University Ritual and since all this was illogical he assumed that some grievous but easily corrected error had been made. For this reason he presented himself at a certain office in Arts Building. There he was led through a door inscribed with the letters—Great Man—and there he made bold to speak in this fashion: "Sir, why has it become necessary for



me to mess with these crummy rocks which do naught but deter me in my efforts to reach my established goals?"

Now Great Man liked young people, having been told by his mother that he, too, at an early age had also been young. He therefore felt that he had much in common with the young people of today and thus was able to smile indulgently at the young man on his carpet. "Why, young sir," he said, "that I cannot tell you for in

these matters reasons are neither required nor given. It is, you see, a part of Great Policy, and reasons are therefore superfluous."

Having explained the matter so clearly, Great Man leaned back and beamed at this youth with whom he had so much in common; but the youth being young (as many, but not all, youths are) persisted and again addressed himself to Great Man, saying, "But, sir, why should I carry all this useless intellectual weight? Surely these rocks have no pertinence to that which I am trying to accomplish and are in fact impertinent in that they deprive me of greater opportunity of time and effort and learning in the desired direction."

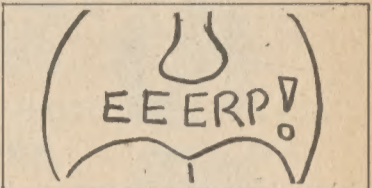
"Ah!" replied Great Man, "that's true; but they render you well balanced in your education so that you may tread the paths of life with acute equilibrium."

The young twin, who thought he knew how his equilibrium could be made even acuter, did speak again unto Great Man in these words: "Surely it is a fact that a better balance of education could be achieved through the substitution for Geology of some subject germane to my ambitions?"

Such is the ignorance of youth. Granted the wisdom of age he would have been aware of Ritual of Great University and would have been aware of the gravity of what he had done, bringing out and dusting off a fact in broad daylight and in Great Man's very office. He was not so inexperienced, however, as to not recognize the troubled look that came into Great Man's eye. Anyone can win an argument by resorting to fact and such unfair tactics do but result in justifiable resentment. The youth therefore hastened to reinforce his position, but as was noted previously, haste is rudeness and the youth thereby committed the great calumny. "According to what we have been taught in Philosophy 240," he said, "to deny myself knowledge that could assist me, while soaking up that which cannot, is just not logical."

We who are more worldly wise than the young twin can vividly imagine the painful scene that followed. A terrible hush fell over the

entire office. In the outer office Great Man's office boy paused in mid-step with one foot hovering an inch and three-quarters above the floor. Pretty secretaries blushed to the roots of their hairpieces and covered their pretty ears. Great Man's face was flushed as he rose from his chair and towered above



the young man on the carpet with whom he had so much in common. Great Man was very good at towering. He had spent much time in practising effective towering and, with the help of a low footstool kept behind his desk for such occasions, could be very impressive in these moments. "Young man," he thundered, "you will watch your language while in this office. We're pretty broadminded around here. We don't mind the odd 'shit' or 'fuck' but to come in here, brazenly march right up to the desk and deliberately, unashamedly, say 'logi . . . log . . .'"

Though Great Man's face purpled with the effort, he could not bring himself to say the awful word.

"Well, sir," said the youth, "it seems immoral to me to intentionally throw away a chunk of my life in pursuit of that which is without value. I fear I must withdraw from Great University."

"And good riddance!" yelled Great Man as the twin went through the door. Pretty secretaries kept pretty faces averted as he crossed the outer office and passed into the hall.

Now it came to pass that when next the two twins met, mail twin recounted how Higher Authority had been confronted and with what result. "Now," he told his brother, "I am rid of my useless rocks."

"Me, too," said the other but his brother didn't know what he was talking about. Mail twin said nothing; he knew that no one can understand a university drop-out.

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For further information, please contact the Student Placement Office, 4th Floor, SUB.

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press
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managing editor Ginny Bax
news editors Sid Stephen,
Peggi Selby, Dan Jamieson
short shorts editor Beth Nilsen

STAFF THIS ISSUE—Who would have believed it? We actually put the rag out and got out of here before 2 a.m.! Among those furiously running around (and stepping all over Harvey G.) were (you know, YOU KNOW!) Ginny, picky picky Dan; Wayne (new innovation) Bax; Jimmie Carter; Dennis Zomerschoe (whew!); the staff meeting; George (who really writes groovy headlines) Drohomirecki; Beth Winteringham; Robert Blair; the CKSR announcer (who filled the room); and a much-crunched Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1969

The whitewash

By Al Scarth

When Black Panther Willie Calvin, alias Fred Hampton, confronted the University of Alberta, he said "people who enter the party have three choices: they can either be jailed, exiled or murdered."

Whether Fred Hampton as thousands of students here knew him was murdered Thursday by police bullets in Chicago or shot in self-defense (or what have you when it comes to nuances of killing), is almost beside the point.

What is much more pertinent and frighteningly immediate are the reasons for that confrontation between the police, pigs, whites, cops and the panthers, coons, blacks, boys (depending on your point of view).

A recent editorial from Ramparts magazine reprinted in Casserole two weeks ago titled "Establishment Law and People's Disorder" made the very basic point that when the establishment is wrong, the people who protest are faulted.

When the establishment represses change to the point that the ghettos erupt into violence, it is the people who must be punished for their violent actions.

As the editorial in paraphrase put it: to bomb, strafe and burn Vietnamese civilians is policy, but to ruffle the feathers of a Harvard dean is violence.

In short, when it comes to the question of the "black problem" in the United States it becomes immediately and abundantly clear that it is, in reality, the white problem.

You don't have to agree when Fred Hampton takes up his gun to fight the "pigs." But you had better start thinking about some better solutions than good liberal rhetoric which dissolves to nothing more than "well, yes, of course there are problems, but above all let's be polite about dealing with them."

To treat the problem in that pathetic manner is to degrade yourself to the level of another editorial, one published in The Edmonton Journal yesterday.

In reference to the panthers' speaking engagement here the editorial upstandingly intoned that "their remarks were often as entertaining in Edmonton as the graffiti on the washroom wall . . . and sometimes as dirty."

Tch. Tch.

The word is motherfuckers and the term is Up against the wall motherfuckers, Mr. Munro, and it didn't come from a washroom wall.

It came from the black slums of New York, from the mouths of black babes if you like. It originated with black mothers who descended the tenement stairs to the street below and sold their bodies to white men for food for the black faces which stared down from grubby windows.

Those black faces hardened just as did the bodies attached to them. And when those hard black muscles tore whitey apart in the black alleys, the black faces screamed "Up against the wall motherfuckers."

To back up its lively piece of editorial color: "Racism, it seems, now comes in two popular shades—white and black," The Journal quotes Fred Hampton as stating "We believe white people can help us, but they can't join our party."

There are reasons Mr. Munro, there are reasons.

And before your editorial writers glibly and most of all comfortably, quip "the only thing the Black Panthers have going for them in Canada is their entertainment value," you might ask yourself if it is a case of the pig calling the panther black.

Tch. Tch.

War makes an excellent scapegoat for all worldly injustices and problems!

It is possible to defeat a stronger enemy only through displaying great effort and under the necessary condition of taking advantage very minutely, very attentively, very carefully and very cleverly to any rift, even the smallest one, among the enemy.

—Lenin

Can any war possibly be a just war in today's world? This is a question of tremendous importance, this question of the morality of war in itself. It is a complex enough issue to require far more space and time than can be given it here.

Let me say I believe a just war is possible, and in the classic principles of a just war, with particular emphasis on the rights of nations to engage in defensive wars. We must be very clear on this point. If we consider all wars as "intrinsically evil," there would be no point in discussing Vietnam at all.

War is obviously an evil, and an evil easy to flog in the marketplace. War makes a good whipping boy, an excellent scapegoat, around which can be rallied all who decry injustice in any form. Once we get caught up in the emotion that war is the common

enemy and must be driven out of human affairs forever, at any cost, we tend to lose the ability to discriminate.

We must first establish whether the U.S. has the right to be fighting in Vietnam; then we can move to these other moral questions. They are just questions, and must be answered. But we must not allow them to cloud the basic issue outlined above.

The My Lai massacre needs to be looked at from two points of view. Firstly, it is obvious that the U.S. has no right to mow down innocent men, women, and children, just as the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese have no right to slaughter innocent civilians. William S. White noted in The Washington Post, Sept. 6, 1966, that in the month before the election the Viet Cong killed, wounded or kidnapped 2,118 civilians in an all-out attempt to terrorize possible voters. This does not negate the horror of My Lai; however, I believe it places it in perspective. Viet Cong terrorism is high echelon command policy. The U.S. atrocities are not.

Other countries may slaughter innocent civilians and use women

and children for target practice, the myth said, but not the United States.

—The Red Deer Advocate

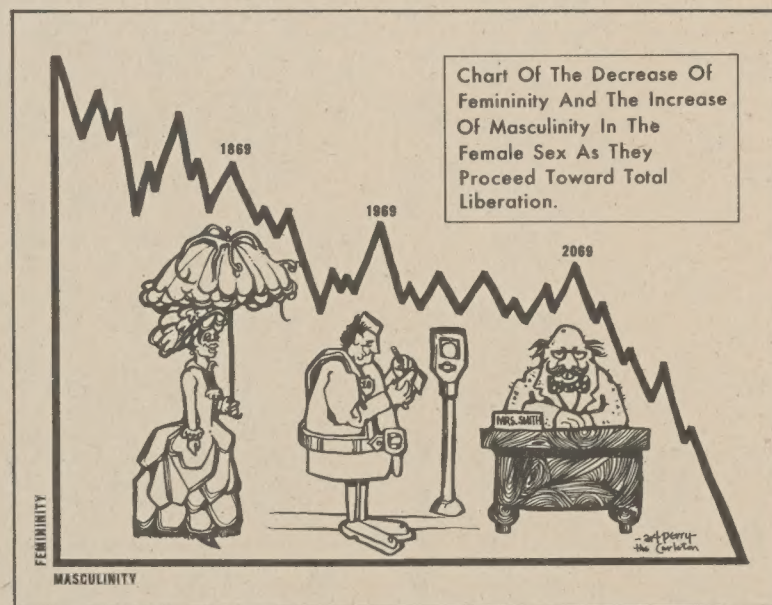
This quotation illustrates the second point which I would like to make, and I am not alone here. Richard N. Goodwin in his book *Triumph or Tragedy* and C. L. Sulzberger of the New York Times, have cited certain problems of war journalism; specifically emotionally charged rhetoric, public debate based on gross oversimplification, and the advocating of causes at the expense of evaluating facts. History can be and has been recast by press dispatches. Opposite conclusions have been reached by different papers. But what of the responsibility of the reader?

Today people applaud dissent and those who denounce the U.S.'s Vietnam policies. We tend to be particularly impressed if the denunciation is made by famous 'names'. But a misquotation in an imperfectly researched paper is as erroneous if delivered by a Nobel prizewinner as if by a five-year-old—and a million times more dangerous.

Also, the role of TV needs to be examined. The problem is described rather candidly in Time, Oct. 14, 1966. It quotes one Saigon TV correspondent as saying about all the battle footage he and his colleagues were sending home: "Let's be truthful . . . Here in Vietnam you can get your face on the network three or four times a week. It's risky, but it's money in the bank. We're all war profiteers." One CBS correspondent attributed this to "the boy-oh-boy, look-at-all-the people-riot" syndrome.

I am vehemently opposed to war; however, that does not mean that when an enemy confronts you you should not fight. No one in his right mind *wants* war. But wishing won't make it go away; neither will impassioned tirades against its many evils, nor, *least of all*, peace at any price.

Dennis Zomerschoe
arts 3



Arachnids and ants and things bugged

Leading members of the cockroach kingdom gathered in the basement of Rutherford House to plan their first major offensive against the new Diamond-Myers building program.

Though the meeting was closed to the press, Clive Caterpillar, president of the insects' emergency action committee, described the meeting at a press conference as "very successful."

He included Tuck Shop, Athabasca, Assiniboia, and Pembina Halls and several Garneau area houses in the list of arachnid apartment blocks facing the axe.

"Actually the mice have made living in Tuck Shop almost unbearable," Caterpillar said, "but many of our number are still clinging desperately to their traditions."

"At least the Shop was livable before those squatters came in," he said. "These new quarters, like SUB Cafe, are totally unbearable."

He denied a report that cockroaches are living in the Biological Sciences Building.

"No self-respecting roach would last more than ten minutes in

By
Charles
Lunch



that building," said Melvin Mortamorphose, Caterpillar's aide.

He explained that four escapees from a Biology lab in the building had developed acute paranoia and fled the building after only 32 seconds of freedom.

They are presently being treated at the "Asylum under the sink" in Athabasca Hall. Visitors can see them between the hours of noon and 12:01 p.m. on alternate Thursdays.

Mr. Caterpillar complained that all the new buildings are of the same type.

"There is nothing in the plans to indicate that there will be a

place to hang a cobweb or build a nest," he said.

"They called for briefs from everyone but us," he said. "Aren't we a part of this university?"

Mr. Caterpillar said that the mood of the insect world was "nearing fanaticism." Such revolutionary hymns as "Let My Pupae Go" have become ant-hill words.

"People have been stepping on us long enough," he said, his voice developing an emotional tinge. "Look at the daily slaughter in the Biology labs, the exploitation of mosquitos by the advertising industry, and the spread of insecticides, the DDT plot. Do you know how many dedicated insects went down before this insidious plot, how long it took us to develop a cure for DDT?" he screamed.

"Arachnids arise, stamp out insecticide imperialism," he screamed again.

"Give us rotting houses and moldy bread and for God's sake, WATCH YOUR STEP!" he shouted fanatically.

THIS S FORUM I V PAGE



Research suggests marijuana effects change according to length of usage

(reprinted from Scientific American, February, 1969)

Marijuana is a relatively mild intoxicant that seems to affect habitual users and those who are new to the drug differently. In a neutral laboratory setting smoking a large dose had few subjective psychological effects on naïve subjects, although chronic users became "high" on the same dose. Whereas the performance of the nonusers in simple tests was somewhat impaired by the smoking, the performance of chronic users was unimpaired or even improved. None of the subjects had any dangerous adverse reactions; the effects that were observed were of short duration.

These are among the findings of the first carefully controlled attempt to study the clinical and psychological effects of smoking marijuana. The investigation was carried out at the Boston University School of Medicine by Andrew T. Weil, Norman E. Zinberg and Judith M. Nelsen, who report their results in *Science*.

The naïve subjects, nine men between 21 and 26, were cigarette smokers who had never tried marijuana. After a trial session at which they were taught to smoke properly, they were tested in three experimental sessions, at each of which they smoked two cigarettes. The cigarettes were of three kinds: high-dose (one gram of marijuana in each), low-dose (a quarter of a gram of marijuana plus tobacco) and a placebo (tobacco). Neither the subject nor the experimenter knew which type of cigarette was supplied at each session; the odor of marijuana was masked by mint leaves in all cigarettes and by a scented spray in the room. The eight subjects who were regular smokers participated in one session at which they smoked only the high-dose cigarettes.

When asked after each session what they thought they had smoked, eight of the naïve subjects could tell the difference between marijuana and the placebo. Most of them called the high dose a low one, however, and none called the low dose high.



This reflected the generally unimpressive quality of their subjective reactions: some time distortion, very little euphoria, no visual or auditory distortions or confusion. Chronic users, on the other hand, said they were almost as high as they had ever been. Marijuana increased the heart rate in both groups moderately, had no effect on respiratory rate or pupil size but did cause reddening of the eyes.

The volunteers took several tests before and after smoking. On a written test (pairing digits and symbols) and on a psychomotor test (keeping a stylus in contact with a rotating spot) the scores of naïve subjects dropped significantly more after the low dose than after the placebo, and still more after the high dose. The performance of chronic users was good before the high dose and tended to improve after smoking. The users had worried about how they would perform after smoking and were surprised at how well they did. This situation is in sharp contrast, the authors point out, to the false sense of improvement people have with some other drugs that actually impair performance.

Eulogy for a fallen comrade

Fred Hampton is dead, slain by a pig bullet and the repressive society it protected.

Two weeks ago, Fred Hampton walked on the campus of the U of A and told us about the people's struggle in his part of Babylon. To many of us would-be revolutionaries, Chairman Fred's words brought us closer to the fact that the struggle was not just something that happened in the glib jargon of SDU meetings.

Since the inception of the man Fred's fellow panthers had been buried. To him, the struggle was real. Somehow, he knew, we all knew that he would meet the

same fate. And yet, only two weeks ago, he was real, alive—the object of fawning hero-worship and venomous hatred.

Somehow, here in Edmonton, 2,000 miles from nowhere, the struggle seemed like just empty words. Everyone cheered. Few really cared.

Today, Fred Hampton is dead. Not an especially significant event, yet his death brings us closer to the horrifying reality of the system in which we live.

Fred Hampton is dead.

You can kill a liberator, but you can't kill liberation.

Allan Stein

Campus policeman penalizes motorcyclist too harshly

This past Thursday, I observed the Campus Security police using a tow truck to haul away a motorcycle which they found parked beside an empty meter. I don't dispute the fact that a parking ticket was due but I do not see why the motorcyclist must be penalized in excess of car drivers for the same offence. The police officers were probably unaware of the fact that motorcycles bend easily. When a motorcycle, especially a large one, as in this instance, is picked up using standard tow truck equipment (heavy rubber straps), bent exhaust pipes, scratched paint, and ripped seats are common occurrences.

These damages can easily run up to \$75, which students find hard to pay when also facing a parking ticket and towing fees.

This particular motorcycle was carted away at 5 p.m., so it was not taking up needed parking space. Does the book always have to be followed to the letter?

Instead of removing motorcycles in such a manner, why not raise the value of the parking ticket a suitable amount? This would aid relations with a large number of students if for no other reason.

Pat McMahon
eng 1



The Arts Students' Association needs both student support and enough money

It's good to see some organization on campus is working for the students. The Arts Students' Association is starting negotiations shortly with the Faculty of Arts to determine the number of students there will be on the committees where they have been given representation. The eventual goal is for parity. After the Christmas holidays the ASA is planning to start an educational program to let students know what these committees are, and how they function. They are also planning a rally for the purpose of electing people to sit on these committees.

This program requires two things for its success. The first one is student support. Approx-

imately 100 positions will be open on the committees and that's a lot of people. Secondly, money is needed to pay for the expenses incurred. Last Monday the ASA petitioned the students' union council for a loan of \$2,500. The motion was tabled until after the report from the Reorganization Committee was put before the council. This will probably be in the middle of January. What do they expect the ASA to do until then? Office supplies, letters to arts students, posters, advertising in *The Gateway*, all cost money. I thought the council's first priority was education, and I certainly feel the program of the ASA falls into that category.

Fred Lemieux
arts 2

Come on let me light your garden

As everyone knows, plants need light to grow, but what type of light is best for plants? The foliage plants, mentioned last week, usually do best in indirect light, light that is diffused by some material before reaching the plant. These plants usually produce a paler color when placed in direct sunlight. The reason for this action is that foliage plants are native to tropical forests and only receive light that has been diffused by the overhead leaves. Flowering plants on the other hand require direct light that is found in front of windows. An exception to this rule is, in the summer, direct sunlight may cause "burning" of the plants from the heat.

The signs of improper lighting conditions are as follows:

1. Low light intensity
—leaves start appearing

- smaller
—stems elongate, increase in size between nodes or leaves
—a paler color appears.
2. High light intensity

- leaves appear smaller as above
—stems shorten between the nodes
—a very dark color appears.

For flowering plants insufficient light will cause failure to flower. Also the above symptoms are only general and some plants may produce different signs, specific to themselves.

In summary it would be best to suggest that foliage plants can be placed in places away from a light source. Flowering plants on the other hand should be placed close to the light source.

Next week there will be an article on *Ponsettia*, for those lucky enough to get one for Christmas.

Gerald Umbach
ag 4





**GOLDEN BEAR SOCCER CLUB
WITH COACH STUART
ROBBINS AT FAR LEFT**

... impressive summer record,
but losers of first winter
contest

—Chris Scott photo

Bear soccer club kicks off schedule

BEARS 0, SHAMROCKS 1

The Golden Bears commenced the winter season of the Edmonton and District Football Association at the Kinsmen Field House in disappointing fashion.

The Bruins dropped a 1-0 decision to the Shamrock Rovers for their first defeat in 23 games.

The Bear defence played ad-

equately but the forwards seemed reluctant to shoot and were repeatedly hustled off the ball.

John Shaw had an offside goal called back, and Geoff Salmon and Andy Scanlon had close chances for the collegians.

The big hope is that this defeat will jolt the Bears into their previous, very successful form.

Alberta bowlers strike down Calgary

By GERRY BUCCINI

University of Alberta bowlers took a slim one-point lead over the University of Calgary in the first of two meetings for the Alberta Bowling Championships held two weeks ago in Calgary.

Alberta holds an 11-10 lead with one point being given to the win-

ner of each game and one point for high six game total.

It was the women's team that kept the Albertans in the running. They took all seven possible points while the men's and mixed teams took two each.

Mary Burns led for Alberta with a fine 1,487 total for an overall

average of 244. Susan Stride, also of Alberta, was next in line with a 1,251 total, good for a 208 average.

Bill Schwalm of Calgary led all men's competitions with a grand total of 1,611 and an average of 266. Colin Matheson, with a 1,441 total, and Barry McCagherty with 1,305 led Alberta.

The Calgarians will return the visit in early February for the Alberta championships, a prelude to the Western Canadian University Bowling Championships to be held in Calgary in March.

TOTALS

Men's—	Women's—
U of C 6,916	U of A 5,860
U of A 6,536	U of C 4,676
Mixed—	
U of A 5,844	U of C 6,136

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Universal draft restricted

SPECIAL TO THE GATEWAY

MONTREAL—If the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union has its way, the National Hockey League will have to refrain from drafting college hockey players until their graduating year.

The CIAU drafted the proposal at their semi-annual meeting here Wednesday.

If the proposal is accepted by the NHL's Board of Governors a college hockey player will not be eligible for the universal draft until the year his class is scheduled to graduate.

Gerry Hornby presently with the U of A Golden Bears was selected in the draft last year, after having completed his first year of univer-

sity.

In other developments at the meeting, delegates to future CIAU meetings will come as representatives of their respective universities or colleges.

Previously, delegates attended as representatives of the five conferences into which all Canadian college sport is divided: The Atlantic, the Ottawa-St. Lawrence, the Ontario-Quebec, the Central Canada and the Western.

The CIAU also announced that it had acquired the franchises for Canadian participation in the International Student Games—winter and summer—held every two years.

Helsinki, Finland, is the site of the 1970 Winter Games while the summer matches will be held at Turin, Italy, in late August.

Intramural Roundup

Waterpolo and hockey playoffs near

By HUGH HOYLES

Last week Splasher Sam stuck his neck out and predicted who would win each of the five leagues in the men's intramural waterpolo competitions.

In keeping with all true sports-writers' predictions, Sam came out on the short end of the stick in guessing only two of the five actual winners.

The forecast for the League "A" pennant winner was Engineering. However, the Dekes came through and now advance to the playoffs. It should be noted that the Phi Kaps aided the Dekes' cause by holding Engineering to a scoreless tie and avoiding a deciding match between Gary Frost's fraternity boys and the Plumbers.

Medicine's performance in League "B" allowed Sam to smile for awhile as the budding doctors went undefeated in regular season play. The playoffs may be a different story.

St. Joe's were rated as underdogs to make good in League "C" and by defeating a very strong Law team 1-0 on Tuesday night lived up to expectations. The victory had to be one of the year's biggest upsets.

League "D" went to last year's champions, Kappa Sigma.

Mackenzie Hall was favored to win the title, but a forfeited game cost the Resmen their chance. Rumors are circulating that the K. Sigs are weaker this season and may have trouble defending their title in the playoffs.

Captain Pat Pierce of the Dentistry squad—League "E" winners—demands an apology from Sam for predicting that the Phi Dels would win the league title. The Dents disposed of the fratmen handily 4-0 in the deciding game. Sam says no apology now but will offer one should the Dents capture the playoff crown.

The playoffs started last night, with Dentistry squaring off against the Dekes, Kappa Sigma tangling with St. Joe's, and Medicine staking their reputation against the winner of the Dent-Deke contest.

The final game is slated for Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8 p.m. in the pool.

Splasher Sam is sticking to his guns. When the last whistle goes, the Medicine club will climb to the winner's podium. If not, he is prepared to be dunked!

PUCK RACES

The day of reckoning for hockey clubs still left in the chase for the championship of intramural Division I is fast approaching.

The winners of the four leagues will do battle next Monday and Tuesday in a single elimination competition, the final game to be played Tuesday at 8 p.m. at Varsity Arena.

LEAGUE "A"

At press time, the pennant winner had not yet been decided. Lambda Chi, Law and Phi Delta Theta were all in the running.

A win or tie for Lambda Chi over Law ensures a playoff berth for the fratmen.

Action in the past week saw Law defeat Education, the Phi Dels belt Medicine 6-2 and the Chinese Club whip Education 7-0. Jim Thompson's three goal performance led the Chinese.

LEAGUE "B"

In the league finale, a win for Mac Hall over Phi Kappa Pi would create a three way tie amongst the Resmen, Recreation and the Dekes. The nod has to go to Recreation should a league playoff be necessary.

On Sunday last, Recreation blasted the Phi Kaps 9-0 and managed to squeeze past the Dekes 2-1 the following evening.

LEAGUE "C"

Kappa Sigma has already clinched the league title here, finishing of the regular schedule with a 7-1 shellacking of Dentistry. C. Colman and J. Matheson each scored twice for the winners.

In other "C" contests, Agriculture took Delta Upsilon 3-2 and Lower Res thumped Pharmacy 4-1.

LEAGUE "D"

Wilf Kettle's fine goaltending in the Theta Chi nets was a big reason why his club came out on top in their league. The club could turn out to be the darkhorse in the playoffs.

In schedule-ending games, Commerce defeated the Zetes 4-1, while Dutch Club outscored St. Joe's 5-2.

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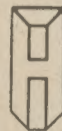
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Cops prefer crooks

Montreal police vs beatniks

QUEBEC CITY (CUP)—Quebec police forces in at least four cities are more hostile towards "beatniks" than criminals according to a survey released Wednesday by a provincial inquiry into the administration of justice.

Asked on one question to gauge their feelings towards "beatniks" as either "friendly," "neutral" or "hostile," 24.6 per cent of five Quebec forces surveyed admitted to hostile feelings.

Asked the same question about criminals, only 23.6 per cent confessed to hostile feelings.

The survey team, headed by University of Montreal criminologist Denis Szabo, found 74 per cent of the Rimouski police force hostile to "beatniks." Only in Drummondville did the police say they were more hostile to crooks than to the "bearded set."

Only eight per cent of the 819 policemen interviewed said they were "friendly" to "beatniks," half as many as said they were friendly to criminals.

The term "beatnik" was not defined in the survey questionnaire.

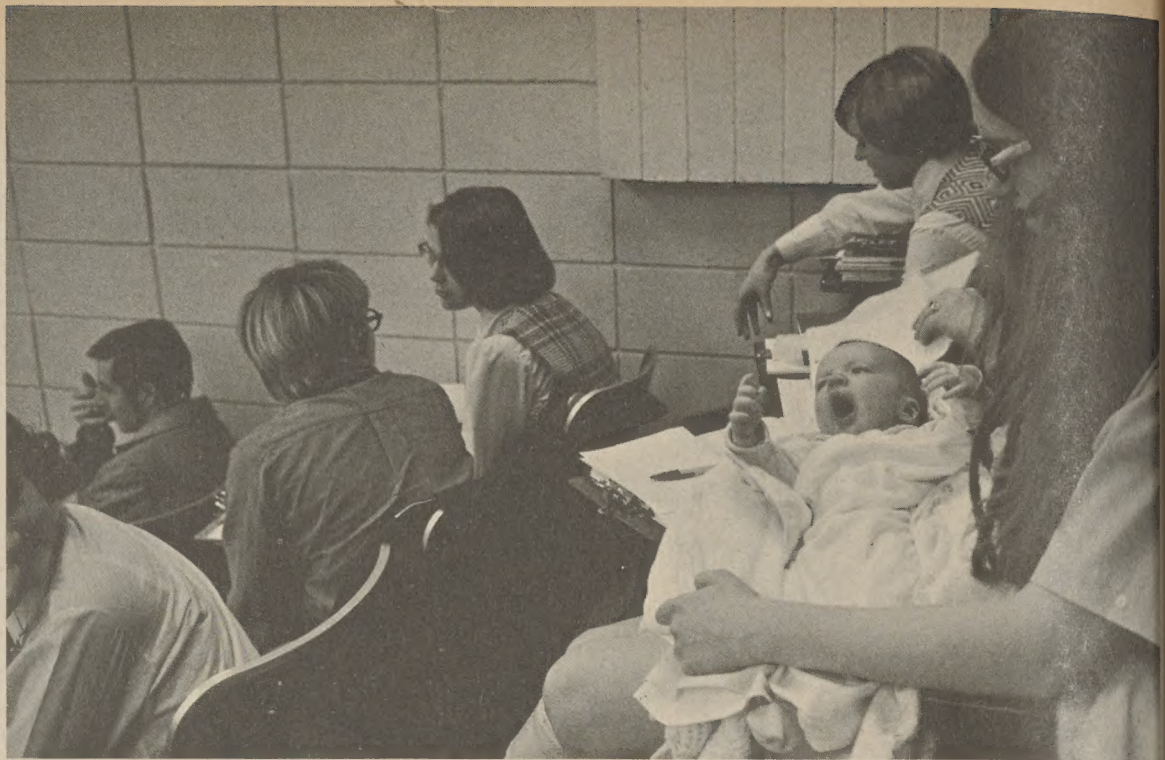
In the Montreal force—the only one polled by age groups—researchers found younger cops "feel themselves as much activists as other members of their generation (except that) they belong to a socio-professional group which forces them to accept certain rules and habits repugnant to the young generation."

The result, said researchers, "contributes, by a process of negative identification, to isolate (younger policemen) and to harden their attitudes."

A hard line towards law enforcement was found among all the policemen.

As a group, police feel they should be allowed to arrest drunks, vagrants or "suspicious looking characters," and that citizens should be forced to identify themselves when asked to do so by police.

They also favor "preventative detention" prior to demonstrations or visits by important politicians.



—John Hushagen photo

PHYSICS SURE IS (YAWN) BORING!—and Mom won't even let me read the notes. Well, maybe the prof will shut up long enough for me to dream about my day-care centre.

Study and travel featured in three summer programs offered

For those wishing to combine summer study with summer travel, the Department of Extension, the University of Alberta, is offering three summer programs.

Courses being offered are French language and literature through the University of Poitiers, Tours, France; English literature, art appreciation, Scottish history, political and social studies, drama, and music through Edinburgh University; and an art appreciation study tour of galleries in London, Paris, Florence, Rome, Amsterdam, Dusseldorf, and Munich.

Students will leave Edmonton

July 28 and travel to London, England. The group will depart London on Aug. 31 to return to Edmonton. The fee for the program at Tours is \$375, covering return air fare and tuition. The fee for the Edinburgh program is \$400, covering air fare, room and board, and tuition. The art appreciation tour fee is approximately \$900.

Approximately four days will be spent in each city included in the art appreciation tour.

The total fee for this course includes return air fare to Edmonton, Eurail pass and hotel bookings, a guide in each city, and

transfer arrangements. The hotel fee includes bed, breakfast, and bath. Cost estimates are based on double rooms and baths.

The course at Tours is being offered through the Institut D'études Françaises de Touraine, which is part of the University of Poitiers. Students are placed according to their level of competence in three classes of two levels each. The Department of Romance Languages has advised that credit will be given for students at the University of Alberta for certain French courses taken at the University of Poitiers in Tours upon successful completion of the course.

The Edinburgh program coincides with the Edinburgh Festival of Music and the Arts. For a small additional fee, students may elect to participate in historical and cultural tours in Edinburgh.

A deposit of \$100 must be paid by April 15 for each person registering for any one of the three courses.

Complete details of all three programs may be obtained from the Department of Extension, telephone 439-2021.

Tax factors in real estate to be subject of January seminar

The Department of Extension, the University of Alberta, in co-operation with the Alberta Real Estate Association, is sponsoring a

seminar on "Tax Factors in Real Estate Investments" Jan. 18-20.

The seminar, to be held at the Banff School for Continuing Education, will discuss depreciation and capital cost allowance, tax implications of agreement for sale and/or transfer of land with a mortgage back, capital gains, and write-off of book losses.

Instructors for the seminar will be Sanford T. Fitch, Edmonton barrister and solicitor, and John M. Tweddle, Edmonton, chartered accountant.

The main objective of the seminar is to provide the student with a heightened awareness of both the investment and tax implications in all aspects of the real estate business. Consideration will be given to changes which may occur in respect of real estate trading through implementation of the proposals for tax reform presented in the recent white paper by the Hon. E. J. Benson, Minister of Finance.

The registration deadline is Jan. 7. Brochures are available from the Department of Extension, 82 Avenue and 112 Street.

The fee will be \$70 which includes tuition, class supplies, accommodation, and meals.

Additional information and registration blanks may be obtained from the department by calling 439-2021.

SU housing

Acceptance of the preliminary plans for a students' union sponsored undergraduate housing complex by council Monday night could commit the union to a \$50,000,000 50-year mortgage.

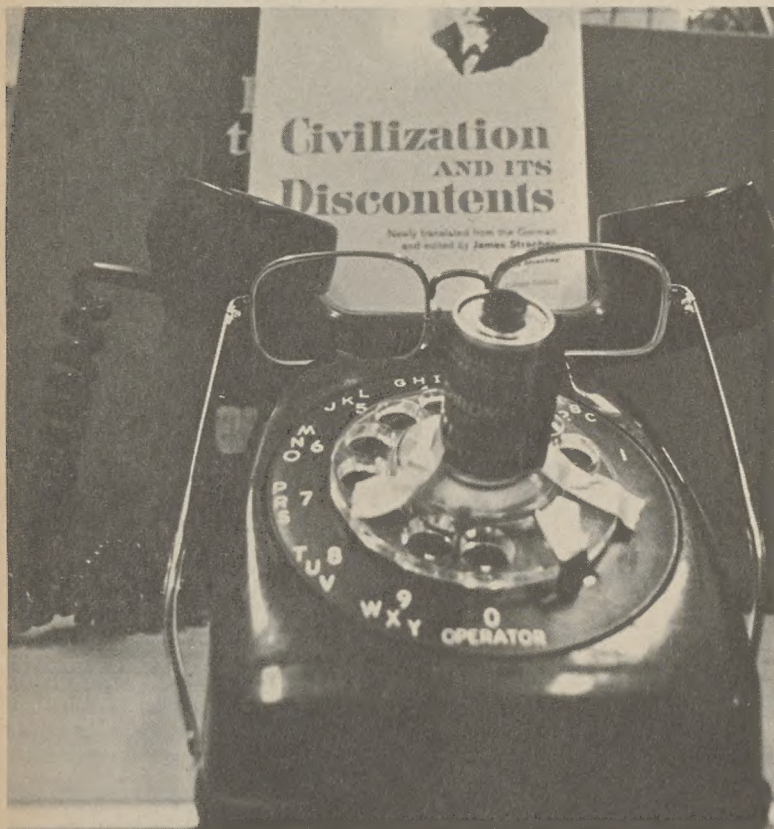
The project, which is presently slated to go up on 111 Street between 89 Avenue and 92 Avenue, was designed to fit in to the general design concept of the university's long-range development plan.

The housing complex will offer 1,000 units at a cost of \$5,000,000 and council will be taking out a 50-year mortgage to cover the cost of the project.

Almost \$1,000,000 will be spent on an open air mall which will run over 112 Street, between two rows of apartment buildings. The mall will house commercial shops and stores.

Students living in the complex will also be treated to carpeted ceilings in the lounges and bay windows in the front rooms of the apartments.

The project will offer one, two, and four-person units at costs of \$40, \$60, and \$80 per student per month.



—Charles Lunch photo

NEVER TRUST A DRUNKEN PHOTOGRAPH.—This is what he'll bring you when you ask him for an emergency pic. Or was he drunk? Is this an artistic pic? Or is it an emergency? Take a guess. This is The Gateway's first puzzle pic of the year. You can win a 4" x 5" copy of this pic if you tell us what it is.

Lack of incompetents at U of A: Only nine reply to Soc. ad

The Gateway of Friday, Nov. 28, reproduced on page eight a poster that was reported to be seen outside SUB cafeteria. The reproduction announced positions available in sociology and that "no competence" was required.

I thought your readers would be interested to know that so far we have had nine incompetents respond with inquiries. This may mean that there aren't very many incompetents at this university, or that

the other incompetents feel they lacked "good personality only requirement."

We were remiss in failing to take the thumb prints of the applicants, should we wish to interview them further. But in case they see this letter (and can read), allow me to leave them the following quote from Harold Wilson: "We have had far too many words chasing too few ideas."

G. K. Hirabayashi
Professor and Chairman

Help aid Santa

Society of Computing Science challenges any club or organization on campus to a Santa's Anonymous Gift Gathering Contest.

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- (3) Not necessary to be wrapped.

Clubs may sign up at the second floor receptionist's desk or outside of main office of the Computing Science Department on the sixth floor of the General Services Building.

The prize for most gifts gathered will be a surprise.

The Engineers' Student Society are holding a "Fill Santa's Sleigh" campaign. They are asking for donations of money, new toys and non-perishable foodstuffs. This campaign is being run in conjunction with CHED's Santa's Anonymous campaign and the Bissell Centre. Donors are asked to leave donations in the sleigh, main floor SUB, anytime from now until the 21st of this month.

Casseroles

see *Moratorium—C-4, C-5*



"If a foreigner entered your home, raped your wife, killed your children, and stole your goods, what would you do?"

—Huynh Van Ba, charge d'affaires in Havana for the provisional revolutionary government of South Vietnam

casserole

a supplement section of
the gateway

produced by the gateway staff

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Keynote of today's issue is a compilation of two personal views of the Washington Peace March in mid-November protesting the War in Vietnam.

After the recent reports of American troops murdering civilians in Vietnam, we find the cover "cartoon" reprinted from University of Victoria's Martlet particularly cutting.

Opposite, members of the English department, that pot bed of sin and corruption, rush to the defense of Dr. Keith Yonge and his views on the causes and cures of Canada's drug problems.

"I set my chickens freeeeee! Wheeeeeee!"

Fine arts shifts into second gear this week with magic music and some live theatre and propagandistic film reviews and another blast at the poets and critics, this time from New Caledonia(?), yessir, New Caledonia College in Prince George. Hello out there all you Uncle Ben's Beer drinkers.

Which reminds us what makes up this staff that this is the afternoon for the "social" and there is no press tonight, so pardon us if we, uh, socialize. Wheeee!

By MICHAEL DIBDIN
BILL JENSEN
BILL BEARD

Dr. Yonge's report on the non-medical use of drugs, published in **The Gateway** for November 21, bids fair to bring a little sanity back into our chaotic world. His conclusions are so irrefutable, so painstakingly expressed, that one can only wish for their speedy adoption

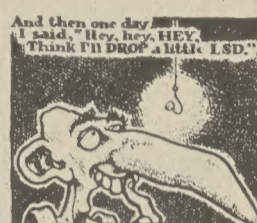
harmful nature of these drugs, to step out of their laboratories and make a moral stand on this issue. With the article under consideration this step has finally been undertaken. Dr. Yonge's position is unequivocal: as a psychiatrist with an intimate knowledge of psychopathology he is in a position to transcend outdated empirical techniques and limitations and to "distinguish sickness

potential of a socially oriented psycho-unit, they should be eradicated from medical practice and theory.

The tiresome debate as to the relative evils of alcohol and psychotropic drugs (including marijuana) need not long detain us. The legal aspects of the matter appear to us more than usually straightforward. Alcohol is legal, so it must be good; marijuana is illegal, so it is obviously bad; if marijuana is bad, there can be no possible justification for legalizing it. As the effects of each, as Dr. Yonge might have pointed out, alcohol taken in quantity induces extremely unpleasant psycho-physiological symptoms, including dizziness, aching limbs, disorientation, vomiting, hysteria, extreme anti-social behaviour and recurrent urination. Marijuana, on the other hand, remains quietly and insidiously pleasant in its effect, thus increasing the risk of psychological addiction.

Among his many other startling innovations, Dr. Yonge is to be congratulated upon the formulation of what must from now on be known as Yonge's Law: that is, that the recurrent frequency of a willed human experience is in direct proportion to its pleasure value. Or, for our lay

drugs, including marijuana, tend to do so habitually." In other words, since marijuana is apparently not physiologically addictive the only possible explanation for this repeated use is that people like it, that they find it pleasurable. Which is, as Dr. Yonge so rightly suggests, the only objection that need ultimately be raised against any psychotropic drug. The user is able to obtain "instant gratification" which is totally divorced from any socio-integrative function whatever, having merely an individual-subjective significance. Dr. Yonge states that implicit in the character of the productive integrated group-unit is "the prevalence of . . . self-abnegatory involvement in his society." That is to say that the individual should work through a process of self-abnegation to the ultimate goal of self obliteration. Psychotropic drug users, however, are well known for their "idle and parasitic attitude to society" and their small regard for "the realities of life." (One of the particularly pleasing aspects of Dr. Yonge's report is his continual and unashamed reference to reality—obviously his beliefs have not been shaken by the specious dialectics of such "thinkers" as Berkeley, Hume, or even Einstein,



by the government. It is however clear that in the form Dr. Yonge presented them they are also incomplete. Whether for reasons of space or content, or possibly even from a very justifiable suspicion that society at large is not yet ready for such proposals, Dr. Yonge has only partially revealed his masterplan. This is the reason that we, who unlike such an eminent member of faculty have no reason to fear the outrage of reactionary elements in University, have undertaken to amplify Dr. Yonge's proposals and make explicit the measures which he can only imply.

One of the distinct problems that has hitherto faced social workers attempting to actively oppose the use of psychotropic drugs, which as Dr. Yonge points out, are "presently being used non-medically on a wide scale in Canada," has been the failure on the part of members of the medical profession, in the face of a total lack of any scientific evidence proving the

from health in social trends." Dr. Yonge correctly states that all psychotropic drugs are harmful "by virtue of their specific action of distorting perceptual and cognitive processes of the brain." It will easily be seen that all drugs act in a similar manner: the function of a drug is to interrupt or change the natural processes of some part of the body. Dr. Yonge has had the simple moral courage to come out and tell us what we knew all along really, but had forgotten: that any such interruption or change is basically harmful, that only nature's way is natural. The notorious drug insulin, taken from the bodies of animals, is a case in point. Insulin has the effect of drastically altering the operation of the human pancreas in diabetics and thereby disrupting the natural process of the whole body — in this case death. Unless such psychopathological, physiopathological, and above all ethicopathological effects can be shown to increase the utility



readers, that nice experiences are nicer than nasty ones. Dr. Yonge modestly terms this "the psychological factor of addiction": "There is ample evidence that people who use any of the psychotropic

the latter of whom perpetrated the inanity "There is no absolute frame of reference." It is good to see someone, especially such an eminent scientist, who is not afraid in this day and age to assert the

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in defense of Dr. Yonge

existence of a reliable absolute external reality simply by kicking a stone lion (as it were.) Obviously, regardless of the physiological effects of the drugs on the individual, this tendency on the part of the user to "opt out" in favour of some kind of euphoric dream world would, if allowed to spread on a large scale, eventually destroy the chain of interdependent multirelationships necessary for the maintenance of a technological society. This is, ultimately, the danger that the drug "scene" poses, leading as it does to a "reversion to the crude or primitive speech, in sexual expression, and in taste for music forms." While Dr. Yonge is undoubtedly right, in the context of his report, to concentrate on psychotropic drugs, there is no reason why his conclusions should not be applied to other

from the university structure. It has been shown by sociologists qualified to report on such matters that an overwhelming percentage of students taking Arts courses at this university are unmotivated and largely parasitic on the dollar-drawing power of their wholly goal-oriented colleagues in the Sciences. Further, the Arts courses have been shown to be designed specifically to the lower student's social usefulness, to encourage him in egocentric self-awareness and to lure him into deserting reality for the proto-psychotic experiences of fantasy and imagination, whose relationship to mental disease is too well-known to need reiteration. Moreover it must be clear that no "great artist" has ever remotely approached a state of health as defined by the World Health Organization. It is thus clear

we know, an entirely original conception. As it stands, the law prohibits loitering "with intent"; Dr. Yonge, as we understand him, would extend this prohibition to loitering without intent, which is indeed a far more insidious and serious offence. For while a man loitering with intent to commit homicide is certainly a criminal, the man merely aimlessly idling is a much more dangerous one.

and socially meaningful, to arrest him. Since "individuals" would be merged as components of the group in a socio-economic living-unit, anti-social proto-regressive primitivism would be impossible at sub-group level, while the officers would be empowered to enter any group-domicile at any time. As to the definition of "persistent and unwarranted idleness," we suggest that apart from a

cursor is the famous German system of social integration (or concentration) camps, and although the sociologists' intentions there were possibly terminal rather than remedial, many of the measures adopted and tested in these institutions might well be applied in the work colonies, more especially since information on their structure and logistics is easier to obtain than in the case of their Soviet counterparts. Such techniques as over-crowding, unsanitary quarters, drab uniform, undernourishment and general mental and physical stress, were found to be most effective in erasing the concepts of individuality and self and replacing them by a healthy group-orientated desire for social fulfillment within the community. Lastly, the situation of the camps, in isolation, suggests that part of their success may have been due to the total environment produced within them. This leads us to propose that if "natural resources" are to be developed, these should be restricted to areas in the extreme north of the country, while the "material services" should be such as can be carried out without undue contact with the public, such as drain-

(Continued on page C-8)



The murderer at least operates within a social context—he is performing a function, is strongly goal-orientated and attempting to make contact with others. The persistent idler on the other hand exists in an asocial vacuum, he is egocentric and largely self-sufficient. And, most important, the murderer's victim is only an individual. But the idler may well begin questioning matters outside his area of specialization, his field of competence, which leads ultimately to an attack on society. It is thus clear which of the two is more pernicious.

It may of course be objected that there would arise countless difficulties in the application and definition of such a law. However, these will swiftly disappear if we consider not our present decadent society, with its respect for individual privacy and freedom, but the fine new world of which Dr. Yonge is clearly thinking. In such a world officers could be appointed with powers to question any group-component and, if not satisfied that his attitude is goal-orientated

regulation sleep period (not to exceed five hours in any twenty-four), any activity or stasis not overtly concerned with and demonstrably necessary to the fulfillment of socially-approved group-orientated useful goals, should render the offender liable to instant arrest and, when found guilty, detention in a work colony.

Dr. Yonge's proposals to establish such colonies, while not wholly original, is none the less timely for that. It clearly owes its origins to the Soviet system of remedial "work-camps" which has done so much to make their society as healthy as it is today. Another possible pre-



—stolen from The Varsity



phenomena which act to disturb or distort natural processes of mentation, such as movies, television, books, music, love and other manifestations leading to quasi-pathological forms of behaviour. While many of these phenomena are deeply rooted in our society—as deeply rooted, one might say with precision, as our society's sickness—our ultimate goal must be possible, then pleasure, at least in its negative forms, must be eliminated from the lives of her citizens. One minor measure which could be put into effect almost immediately is the removal of the Arts Department

that at present the Arts Department is, and to some extent must be, a hothouse of rampant anti-socio-integrationist sentiment. Unless its members can prove their social usefulness and begin to fulfill a function by celebrating the joys of "complete physical, mental and social well-being," we recommend they be speedily purged from the university body.

Dr. Yonge's proposals that the law against loitering "be extended to include the neglect of educational and occupational opportunities, and persistent and unwarranted idleness as an offence" is an excellent idea and, as far as

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Spirit of Washington Peace

The first of two strikingly similar reactions to the Washington Peace March follows after an introduction by Peter Moynihan, a second-year arts student at the U of A. The piece itself is by Tony Czarnecki, a member of the students' council at Iona College, New Rochelle, New York. Mr. Moynihan suggested that Mr. Czarnecki write something for "the University of Alberta community" to inform people here of the deep emotions America's youth are feeling.

"All of the people I shot down were women, old men and children. I don't recall seeing any young men in the village." The speaker was a U.S. army sergeant describing the now infamous massacre by U.S. troops in My Lai, Vietnam. The killing of Vietnamese civilians by American troops is not new—one soldier defended it because "they get in the way."

Thousands of civilians have paid in agony and death for "getting in the way" of the reign of the bullets, artillery, bombs, and napalm that have been poured into "unsecured" hamlets as well as parts of Hue and Saigon by U.S. forces.

Mr. Nixon was aware of this particular massacre several months before he called on the "silent majority" to back the cause of "right" in Vietnam. The torture and execution of smaller groups of "suspects" has long been accepted by many Americans in Vietnam.

Canada has already welcomed over 60,000 military refugees from the U.S. and the rate of their entrance continues to increase. Increasing dissent within the U.S. armed forces is shown by mass circulation of underground newspapers and the Pentagon's estimates of over 70,000 U.S. military deserters this year.

The huge attendance at the recent Teach-in on the American Domination of Canada showed that most Cana-

weekend, we were the people's representatives in Washington and were entitled to all the customary fringe benefits.

We took a cab to Arlington National Cemetery, where John and Robert Kennedy are buried, to walk in the "March Against Death," which was continuous for 38 hours. It was the most unique form of protest I have ever witnessed—and so solemn. 40,000 marchers, each with a candle and a placard bearing the name of a dead American soldier, walked single file from Arlington to the Capitol Building. It was a four-mile hike, and as we passed the gates of the White House, each shouted out the name of the "silent American" who died in Vietnam. My placard, which I will never forget, read "Henry Emil Holder of Texas." It really personalized my feelings of disgust for this indefensible war and reminded me of John Donne's words: "Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." Unfortunately, President Nixon could not hear the names throughout the long night; his bullet-proof windows are four inches thick. At the end of the line of march, the placards were placed into 12 wooden coffins, which preceded the march down Pennsylvania Avenue Saturday afternoon.

Saturday was M-Day. We rose early to tour the Capitol Building and visit the House and Senate Chambers. To our dismay, we witnessed U.S. military personnel carting machine guns and ammunition through the Rotunda, the very room where Lincoln, Kennedy, and Eisenhower had lain in state. It nauseated me. It showed the arrogance of power and the mistrust of the people who came to Washington. Don't they know that we don't want to destroy America, we want to save it?

By chance, we met Senator Eugene McCarthy outside the Senate Office Building, and he gave us the sign of

course (to the delight of Nixon's Fascistic Attorney-General, John Mitchell) devoted distorted headlines to this single incident, under pressure from Agnew's anti-free speech mouthings.

We left Washington Sunday morning. On Pennsylvania Avenue, we were cut off by a convoy of army trucks and traffic was halted. The troops left the city with hands raised in a sign of peace. We responded to their gesture of good will. Together we shared a dream.

The Nixon administration is playing the politics of polarization. During the Moratorium days, local peace groups in the U.S. distributed black armbands in support of the march, and an immediate end to the war. Counter-groups distributed red, white, and blue armbands in support of the President's tired policies.

After seeing and feeling that unity of purpose and commitment in Washington, I am convinced that the momentum of anti-war feeling is multiplying itself tenfold, but I also look forward to the day when Americans will abandon their black armbands and tri-color armbands and walk arm in arm together to promote a return to the unfinished agenda of peaceful priorities at home. Is that ever possible?

Yours for peace
Tony Czarnecki
Students' Council, Iona College
New Rochelle, New York

That is the dream of our America and it is surely Canada's dream also. I also speak as an American who loves his country while feeling great bitterness at the ever-growing militarism, arrogance, and domination of much of the world by my government. I also seek to know Canada, while hoping, that if I decide to live here it will not be as the only alternative to a U.S. prison for opposing the draft by the unfeeling U.S. military machine. I would not want to be forced to accept the generous welcome Canadians have given to thousands of fellow dissenters who can never again set foot in their home country without risking imprisonment.

Peter Moynihan
arts 2

Now a Canadian joins:

Nancy Perry, a second-year sociology student at the University of Toronto, was a marshal during the massive marches in Washington. This is an edited version of her account, to her parents living in Calgary, of the demonstration.

Dear Family:

I just got back from the Moratorium, and thought I'd write you immediately so that you wouldn't worry.

We were all pretty paranoid about going down. Although everyone's hopes were pinned on a show of non-violent strength, it looked pretty difficult to handle a march of hundreds of thousands of people on something like Vietnam and not have a serious incident of violence.

Also, I had gone down expecting to see a "Great American City" festering with slums and tensions and ill-will towards the "dirty subversive commy hippy" protestors.

So what I got out of it was fantastic in that it was so unexpected. I went down ready to see hopeless frustration and perhaps violence; I found an atmosphere of solemn mourning, goodwill, and perhaps even hope.

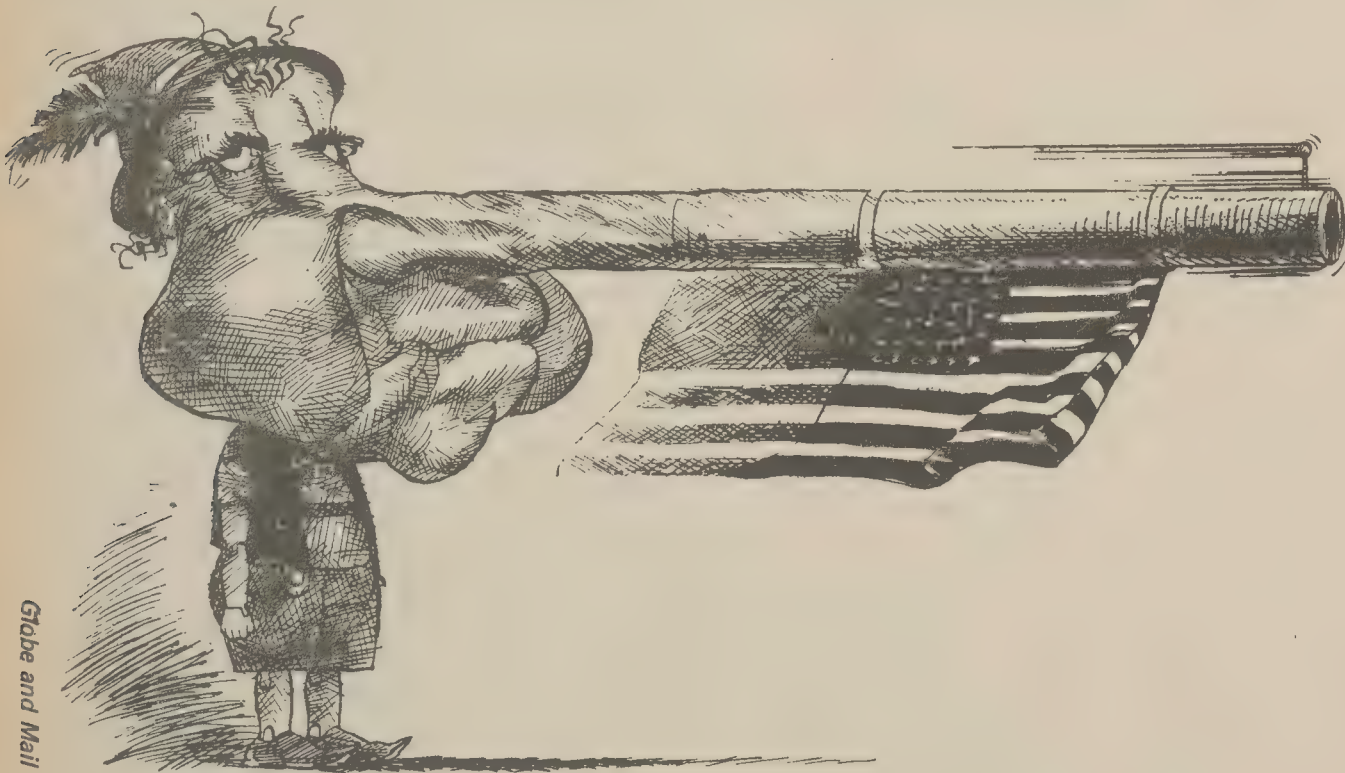
This march was really well organized. Part of our fears were the traditional shortages of food, water, cigarettes, sanitary facilities, and shelter. The New Mobilization Committee (or MOBE as it was called) drew on a lot of experience and handed free food (donations) and drink and even handed out cigarettes and Kleenex along the route. Perhaps most impressive was the warm welcome given us by the people of Washington. We could never have done without them. They opened gymnasiums, schools and churches for people to crash. Once a car pulled up beside a group of us and a man leaned out. "You kids got a place to stay?" He had already invited about 15 other kids to come and sleep on his floor. "The door's open, you needn't knock. There's coffee in the kitchen." This was a common experience.

MOBE also ensured that the marches themselves were well organized. For the "March Against Death" on Friday they passed us through three tents to brief us and finally give each of us a placard with the name of a dead soldier or a bombed Vietnamese village to carry. We marched single file, about five feet apart, all through downtown Washington. I stopped briefly in front of the White House, and, as instructed, shouted the name of my soldier. His name was Jose E. Menzales, Colorado, and I was shocked to see behind me about ten people the name Charles E. Menzales, Colorado. It makes you wonder at the tragedy. When we got to the capitol we placed our placards in a coffin. There were 40,000 names—then they ran out of placards. There was a steady flow of marchers for 40 hours solid—a thousand an hour. And all the time they rang a bell every four seconds symbolizing the dead. At night they walked with candles.

Friday night I went to a church service in the huge Washington National Cathedral. The cathedral sits 2,200—simple and restrained—still in the atmosphere of mourning. When they had sung the recessional, no one wanted to leave. Then, spontaneously, we began to chant the theme of the march.

"All we are saying, is give Peace a chance."

It swelled and grew—and in that whole huge cathedral everyone stood and gave the peace sign—a forest of hands,



Globe and Mail

dians are not apathetic about the survival of Canada. They are very concerned that Canada's power to act independently of the U.S. is threatened by the present economic, political, and cultural domination by the U.S. Canada does share complicity in the Vietnam tragedy by its strange silence, the selling of \$300,000,000 in weapons to the U.S. and its close, outdated military ties with the U.S.

The following is an intense personal account of the November 13 to 15 Washington Peace Offensive written by a U.S. student who was actively involved in it. The events of these three days—including the largest demonstration in U.S. history—were the most significant to date in the rising tide of dissension in the U.S.

Nixon's speech got far better coverage than this happening and I hope this will give the true perspective to the scattered actions against the war in Canada:

The University of Alberta Community: November 22, 1969

"All we are saying is give peace a chance." It seemed like we chanted that refrain for an entire weekend in Washington. It was the greatest demonstration of public disapproval of a continued American presence in Vietnam. People by the thousands converged on the capital by car, bus, train or plane; I suppose almost every college and university east of the Mississippi River was represented there too.

It's difficult to record all the details of such an eventful weekend, but I'll attempt a sketch, since I know you share my sentiments on this bloody war.

Our first problem upon arrival by car Friday night was parking. After circling around for a while, we decided to park near the Capitol Building in an area reserved for Congressmen. The police never gave us a ticket for this illegal move. I suppose they more or less felt that for this

peace as we proceeded to the march grounds. There were signs reading "Effete Snobs For Peace" and "Two Four Six Eight; Stop the Pigs and Smash the State," and "Agnew Eats Grapes," etc. Banners representing every imaginable group from "Veterans for Peace" to the "Zionist Socialist Alliance" assembled for the great parade. It was out of sight and mind. It felt like the Age of Aquarius was dawning.

An ocean of people converged on the grounds of the Washington Monument, our destination point. The rally at the monument lasted five hours, with speakers from "Who's who for peace"—Dr. Benjamin Spock; Mrs. Coretta King; Senators Goodell, McCarthy and McGovern; Arlo Guthrie; Peter, Paul and Mary; Dick Gregory; Leonard Bernstein; Mitch Miller; Dave Dillinger; Pete Seeger; etc. It was incredible!

Later that night we heard that the radical fringe—SDS, Yippies, etc.—attacked the Justice Department to stop the trial of the "Chicago Eight" conspiracy and free Black Panther leader Bobby Seale. They smashed the windows of the building, threw red paint bombs, and ran up a Viet-Cong banner on the flagpole. The Washington police responded with canisters of tear gas to disperse the mob.

Washington on Saturday night was an armed camp. Military police patrolled every block. Federal office buildings were heavily guarded. It was eerie. A group of demonstrators confronted police near Dupon Circle in the business district and went on a rampage. Flocks of young people were running from that direction. The tear gas was swept through the streets by the wind and burned our eyes like acid. Many people needed first-aid treatment. Mass confusion in the business district: streets barricaded, buses re-routed, pedestrians waving down taxicabs. It was an unfortunate ending to a peaceful day, marred only by a tiny handful of would-be revolutionaries. The media, of

March . . . two views

5,000 people praying and yearning together for peace. Then Pete Seeger led us in singing a song whose refrain was "Pacem in terris, mir, shanti, shalom, mei wa," which is "Peace" in different languages. Then, half an hour after the service had officially ended, we felt like we could leave. A good many went straight out and joined the March of Death.

I was with three Canadian guys. We had responded to a plea given earlier for people to volunteer to be "marshalls." It involved training sessions in a Methodist church—so we needed a ride down to attend the 12 mid-night training session and hopefully crash there that night, as we had no way of getting back to our gymnasium. So we asked the crowd of people for a ride down to the city centre. Again the people of Washington were fantastic. Hitching was easy, and they were always helpful.

When you walked in it felt almost like an underground bunker for the Resistance. The marshalls had the vital job of keeping the peace—of handling the crowd, keeping it moving, organizing it, and trouble shooting incidents to keep the crowd cool and avoid the necessity of having the police break up something or bust anyone. The police agreed to keep out of direct involvement with marchers if there were enough marshalls. They got 6,000.

They gave each marshall basic training in the role of marshall as a helpful peacekeeper, and gave tips for handling hecklers (engaging them in conversation) and distracting rock throwers (a girl goes up and gives them a big kiss—it blows their cool). The main directives were to isolate incidents without getting involved in trying to break up fights, keeping the march moving, acting as sources of information, and cooling people down, rapping with the cops (who, by the way, were always really friendly and obviously were as anxious to keep the peace as we were). This wasn't everyone's experience, but it was mine. Cops were much nicer than the troops, though. The troops were ill at ease, because a lot of them sympathized secretly, or felt guilty. After basic training—given by a punchy girl who had been giving sessions round the clock without sleep for three days—we were given assignments and then given special instructions for the special problems we'd encounter.

It was freezing cold and wet: 26 degrees at 7 a.m. We were assigned, with 800 others, to form a human chain of marshalls around the speakers' stand. We had to keep people from going past us, and keep a corridor behind us between the marshalls and the fence for medics and "legals" and other officials to circulate. The crowd didn't come before 11 a.m., so until then we stood around freezing. By about 11 a.m. the huge field between us and the Washington Monument got denser and denser, as a crowd pushed over the hill—and within an hour the whole huge field was black with people. It was impossible to describe the crowd. How can anyone visualize a million-and-a-half people? (official figure). I find it hard.

The mood of the crowd was beautiful. They sat on the freezing wet grass, in that numbing wind and you could just feel the power of so many people coming together for one purpose. In our section we didn't have any incident we couldn't handle—a lost old lady named Rose who was just beautiful, with a "Peace" armband on her long black cloth coat; a lot of pushy press men, and a seven-foot-tall, drunken, amiable negro who we "isolated" by engaging in conversation. He was really quite friendly and while he said some pretty offensive things to passers-by, no one got really mad. His classic line was "shee-it. I'm not prejudice. I jest don't like white folks, that's all." And also "what am I doin' heah talking to you? I was on my way over to join my friends in the Black Panthers." One guy fell out of a tree—but one of the 400 medics helped him. People got lost, etc., but the whole thing went unbelievably smooth.

When they mentioned that people should buy buttons to help pay off the thousands of dollars of debt for our little "get-together," a lady out front suggested some marshalls go out and collect money.

I stood in a crowd and said "anyone want to contribute money?" and filled a pocket with dollar bills.

By five o'clock everyone began to disperse—a million-and-a-half people were moving and we still got a ride hitch-hiking within two minutes. Back on the busride home (14 hours), I was so tired I just slept, but I was really hoping that the ride, and the whole weekend, would never end. I felt so close to everyone, especially the three guys I marshalled with. We encountered misunderstanding immediately—a diner wouldn't serve us because we were undesirables—those protestors at the march. And then we got back to Toronto and the headline on the article in The Telegram was "Police teargas 3,000 protestors in Washington."

That was referring to a demonstration by militant SDS students—and three-quarters of those gassed had been spectators. MOBE had not supported the SDS demonstrators. They were the only outbreaks of violence in the whole million-and-a-half beautiful, peaceful attempts to say—something.

Non-violence is a powerful, effective, and necessary approach. I think the stage of violence is beginning to pass. When I think of this, I have a picture of a sea of people, all sitting down listening to the speeches and talking quietly among themselves, or thinking.

In the middle, planted deliberately in front of the television cameras was a small island of people standing—militant SDS people with their black and red flags of anarchy and revolution. They are surrounded by a chain of marshalls who act as a buffer between the militants and the peaceful marchers the militants hoped to agitate. True



to the volunteer marshalls' instructions from the organizers of the march, the troublemakers had been isolated by the marchers themselves (not by the cops). They looked out of place and alone.

It was a tremendous feat of organization and effort. It took a lot of hard work, sleepless nights, support and dedication. It could not have happened though, without the good will of the people of Washington.

Underlying it all were a million-and-a-half complex individual reasons for being there, but we were united in the appeal for peace. The peace sign, no longer corny, was universal. It meant "Hi brother" or "Look at me, let's have

peace" depending on whether you were giving it to a fellow marcher or "observer." Old ladies gave it, busloads of school children gave it, negroes gave it, militants gave it, truckloads of troopers gave it, everyone in Washington was giving it this weekend. And hopefully so was the rest of the U.S. All we can do is hope that someone saw it—that Nixon saw it.

At any rate, we have said our peace. And I feel fulfilled in that I've done something. I've described exactly how it was for me. Others may have seen it differently, although, from what I could see, my reaction was typical. Love to you all. Peace. Nancy.

Self-satire rampant at poetry forum

By BARRY McKINNON

Barry McKinnon has published a book of poems called *The Golden Daybreak Hair* and is included in an anthology of verse, *West Coast Seen*. He teaches English at the College of New Caledonia in Prince George, B.C. He here gives his impressions of a very tiring, rather uninspiring Poet and Critic '69 conference recently held on campus.

Plane lifts us out of Prince George on Wednesday, November 19, for Edmonton Poetry Conference. Swoosh. All over Canada the same is happening. Poets, critics, teachers boarding the musak jets on Canada Council University money to attend the Conference for all the repressed facts about poetry and criticism in Canada and Quebec.

"There is a crisis in Canadian poetry"—someone said later at the conference—and even later at one of the scattered/readings, Earle Birney read a poem he wrote on the plane coming in, and did not give us images of the "sleeping prairie", or "clustered lights and prairie jewels etc. etc."—but rather his poem was about the frustration of not being able to break the airplane's double glass vacuum window so that he could get out there on the wing and jump the 20,000 feet to the solid ear . . . an old man tumbling with grace in a 30 second swan dive to the land that raised us all. Dear critic: it was not a poem of suicide (he told us that). Maybe it was a prophecy about the conference to follow and how the double glass in everything designed to keep us in, keeps us in, save for the imagination where freedom joins itself with suicide, out of cruel necessity. To be human, turn off the musak—open all the windows. God let some air in here and let me crash to the real earth, or . . .

The Beginning

Ladies and Gentlemen, Poet and Critic, the conference has just begun and ended. I arrived part way thru the panel discussion with Eli Mandel, Margaret Atwood, a moderator, and Bill Bissett—who sat on the stage of the SUB auditorium with its soft seats and lights and excellent sound system—designed to make your boredom more tolerable. No.

The panel discussion was not boring because of the talk/words/poetic crazy energy generated by the naughty Bill Bissett, who spoke his illuminations without proper academic concern—which this concerned the organizers—who, feeling their sense of responsibility and organization on every level, cut the panel short so that people could catch an early supper in preparation for the faculty club readings. Thud.

People flow out the main door from one vacuum to another. The glass holds you in. The double glass. There are NO, SMOKING and NO EATING signs on the way out. The ashtrays are filled with butts. I guess they figured that the 'real' poets wouldn't obey the signs anyway. The ones who smoked, didn't. There was no trouble. Bill stole an ashtray.

FACULTY CLUB:

Supper at Ken's with no trouble getting in (illegal keys)—then back thru a mile of university to the Faculty Club set amidst some trees with a special view of the river and city. Signs say—*TIES MUST BE WORN IN DINING ROOM* etc. What if a great Indian poet came wearing beads? Bill Bissett, did you have trouble? Mary Carpenter, Eskimo poet, are your ancestors chanting in the snow tonight while we rub noses by mistake amidst the gin and sherry and double whiskeys on the rocks and polite discussions regarding the muse and how to get all the great poems in Canada published by the big publishing houses with an introduction by a major poet?

The first day has been tense because of the panel and the general frustration of things not being right. She makes a big arc with her arms and says that despite the arguments and oppositions during the panel discussion, you are still poets and belong to the arc. She means we are all together. Don't fight; be together despite what has begun. Then she begins to read . . . love poems . . . in the faculty club . . . some glasses tinkle . . . then the silence after the poem broken by a man's loud voice near the bar. "That's bullshit—and you know it".

Charlie wheels around to me. Sure of his anger and sure of his respect for Dorothy, he rushes to the bar and asks dirty mouth outside. Dorothy reads. The arc is real brothers. Dorothy reads love poems while Charlie and poet are outside heard shouting whenever the door opens.

"Hit first Charlie", I think, then think, "Oh Christ . . . people are fighting over poetry. Thud. Scream. Give me a double. Wheel a polite jet up to the faculty club door and take me home. Those who agree rip up your poetry licenses. Thud. Rip. Bad vibes, as they say".

Charlie (old broken-lance Quixote) comes back alone . . . had refused to fight . . . felt bad. "It's ok Charlie" I said "you did a right thing".

Now Dorothy is finished and Irving Layton begins his reading with a washroom poem he found earlier that day (which indicated to all his followers that even POETS go to the washroom, that they are REAL, that the REAL is their business, though so far, no one is booking a flight home from the UNREAL conference. Bill Bissett said later that it was all so obscure he loved it.) Then Layton read "Bull Calf," another poem to his daughter, and new poems from recent Canada Council travels, and was well received. Clap clap. We're all safe again. Poetry lives. Exit.

The Anti-Conference:

I wander back to the SUB building where they are having the ANTI-CONFERENCE and think, ok now we'll have all the poetry they wouldn't let into the REAL CONFERENCE. Great. Let's hear the revolutionary screams and take our ties off, take our clothes off, throw our polite schedules and portfolios away, drink some honest wine, touch girls, etc. etc. But everybody's dressed except for a girl in a bathing suit getting her body painted. Everybody's come to see it happen. In another room there is a rock band, and folk singers, and in another, people dance interpretively in front of an egotistic video tape, and in the last room all the "failed" poets are trying TO READ above the groovy confusion. No one hears or sees.

A bomb wouldn't help it. Its already exploded on its own. Help. Bring the jets up to the doors with their real double windows and double scotches and musak dreams. Failure is no success so don't tell me its groovy. I begin to hate poetry and love the satire of it more. It's two o'clock in the morning and lonely to walk home. Ken and Charlie are up. Saved by friends on the 14th floor.

Day Two



EVERYONE CAME TO WATCH

. . . and nobody touched

We are moving into something out of control now. The organization is perfect. Now a panel discussion with French and English poets and critics. The French speak French and the English speak English. What was said, in French or English?

I went out and bought some Certs and ran into Bill Bissett, who has a little more trouble with French and everything else, like finding enough money to eat one meal a day and pay for grass fines and other real and psychic accidents caused by the legal mafia who bash your head in and throw you in jail for the crime of being a genius trying to organize your universe in your private mind and room. Bill and I talk and laugh and eat Certs and discovered weird principles. It was hard to satirize the the Conference because it was the satire. When you can't satirize the satire, in order to deal with it, you end up in a grotesque zone. "Bill are you a surrealist?" "Yes I am" . . . I'm not nuts, just crazy". I walk with him thru the crazy landscape trying to find a criminal outlet, something more than 10c phone calls and illegal keys. He leans over to a poet and says, "we need a bomb" and the poet asks, "what kind of a bomb? what do you mean?" and Bill says, "one that explodes". We are moving farther on now, trying to break the glass and squeeze our bodies onto the wing. Maybe we should wait until after dinner. Dinner

Before dinner I want to thank Eli Mandel for his Nixon poem and his suicide poem and the poem about his children and Earle Birney for his friendly and honest talk about poetry before the machine burnt his slides up, bringing it to an early close.

Macdonald Hotel for dinner. The foyer is crazy even for the starving. People are lined up for drinks while behind them the Progressive Conservative party is organizing P.C.'s for a Stanfield banquet. The ushers are dressed in fake frontier clothes. It must be their theme this year.

We finish our beer and head further into the banquet hall where one of the conference organizers is trying to give a speech about how the conference came about and how they thought it might be interesting to have poets and critics together as a kind of experiment . . . crash tinkle . . . "hey, aren't there any more chairs in here", Bissett yells out. Speaker interrupted. Tinkle, crash, confusion as more chairs are found, everybody settled now so speaker finishes speech and THEN . . . "Ladies and gentlemen would you please rise for the university prayer . . . (Bill starts to walk out: David Robinson stops him: Bill sits down) . . . THEN . . . the prayer . . . nominus fobiscum universitas frateris puellam est pulchra, dominus nominus . . . etc. . . THEN everyone sits down . . . THEN another speaker comes to the podium and asks for the people to rise (ie. Canadian poets, critics and Quebec poets and critics) TO TOAST THE QUEEN!! Crash, tinkle, swoosh. Bill leaves past the tables followed by David, and shortly after, another left, and then me because Bill is more my friend than the Queen and the people I had to sit next to (except for Charlie who stayed on the principle of a free meal). We sit in the Canadian Pacific cafeteria and talk and drink coffee while Bill tries to get a flight out, then Earle Birney comes down, just after they refused his table more wine, just after a subversive waitress spilled wine on one of the women sitting next to him etc. Bill talked and ate a sandwich and missed his plane, and upstairs the Socred government official discoursed on poetry as their most important product and how to sell sell sell Culture to the culpable, and poets squirmed preferring silent transactions, and Charlie ate his free meal.

Saturday

Over to the hung-over SUB for more papers on CP (Canadian Poetry) in other languages, but it is difficult to recall any important substance (except for an Icelandic—Canadian poet who wrote a book called *Restless Nights* . . . "and from the title we can see that he stayed up at night to write, after everyone went to bed . . .") and another paper on Indian poetry done by a Phd. in Anthropolgy (with a little undergrad psych thrown in too) who talked about "civilized" and "primitive" and more Anthro-Psych with its

(Continued on page C-7)

A Magic Music sampler

so you're slouching through SUB, crawling over and around the bodies of your fellow inmates, who glide through and stride hard upon, who sprawl out into and squat down around, and who variously inhabit, like comicbook dots on postagestamp carpets, every livable cubit in this floating zoo, when to the sudden whirl of chimes and alarms and electronically scraping insistence, an efficient feminine voice purrs "magicmusicperformsattwelveoclockinsub-theatre"; whistling with hands pocketed, you wander over and in and find a seat in that theatre of curtained silence: two figures stroll onstage, one gesticulating and winking to the other, trailing the blurred ends of a sentence, slowly discovering two guitars, which they fall upon, and begin slicing the air with razored acoustic nets and jostling spears of buzzing wires, a smooth, muscled clash of two sets of sonic fist, but suddenly jolting, the bottom falls up an over, and a clever spider's boot-clicking jig rings and the singer smiles as if he already knew you and exclaims "Holy Messiah, Queenscout, what do you think this is all about", while the lead guitarist bends into wrenching ten-fingered dives: these introductory remarks are chopped off, to find the audience picking its ear, puzzled: this obviously exothermic event appears to be conspiring upon the uninitiated, knocking with a familiar rap upon the skulls of its listeners, but dashing on approach to the borders of sweet gonesque but the music boils out again and silences your tongue with an extended suite wired in parallel, and you think of the man who takes off a suit of clothes, only to find another beneath it, and then another, and still another, of a startling assortment of masks and pointed gesture, and the singer puts on a fresh tongue and for two sliding hours flushes of realization seep through and the music begins to impel its own concentrated logic, with the smiling power of the man on the ledge who lures his would-be lifesavers out onto the spinning heights, and two guitars and a human voice speak three voices, which sing of an overlapping thought, and the audience warms and begins to clap sharply, and you realize the music has quickly caught its own context, creating afresh its conventions as it proceeds, sailing through suggestions of gaily coloured handkerchiefs fluttering on Caribbean beaches, under fastidious disgust at the slovenly with a joshing grin at folly in a position of power, and dashes of demand ("salvation's just around the corner") and, all too soon it's over, and the singer introduces the group as MAGIC MUSIC, and they stroll off stage: in wondering disbelief, you laugh to yourself in the aftermath of stillness

—Jim Gilhooley

Nineteen vaginas usher in age of charisma

Wilfred Watson's play, *Let's Murder Clytemnestra According to the Principles of Marshall McLuhan* played Studio Theatre last week, and left in its wake a slightly stunned audience, some impossible conundrums, and a perplexing number of weird predicaments.

Clytemnestra—a Greek, wasn't she?—Right. Marshall McLuhan—twentieth century—right? What, then, pray tell, is the combination doing together? McLuhan's principles—the car an extension of the foot, the television an extension of the eye, the microphone an extension of the ear—what are the extensions of nineteen vaginas or two backbones?

The play opens in the post-McLuhanesque era of the Age of Charisma—with some heavy debates as to which side of the table you, as a member of a supposedly participating audience, are on. The weapon of Dr. Psy's side, the Age of Charisma is PIAI, which is an instant age serum. The weapon of the other side is their belief in long-dead rights of mankind. Of course, they are the subjugated (with a belief like that, who wouldn't be?) and very definitely have no charisma.

The plot—sketchy as it might seem—follows the (mis?) fortunes of Electra after the murder of her mother, Clytemnestra. She is incarcerated in a mental hospital which turns out to be the experimental laboratory of Doctors Psy and Ki Ko Ku, who keep the prisoners orderly with constant threat of again. Electra takes a dim view of all the proceedings changing her mood from indifference to demands for a fair trial.

Electra decides to drop a bomb on the proceedings by noting to all and sundry that Doctor Psy has two heads and Doctor Ki has two backbones, and in the resultant confusion, they notice that she has nineteen heads. The two doctors debate at great length, and Doctor Ki debates with himself at great length, and finally decides, against Psy's orders to administer PIAI to Electra.

Whether or not it was decided that Electra's nineteen heads would make a great combination with Psy's two, Electra becomes extremely desirable to Psy after the aging process has taken place.

However, whichever way it went, and for what reason I cannot fathom, Electra is changed back to her original self. But it is not quite the original. Instead of having nineteen heads, she now has nineteen vaginas, much to the dismay of the rest of the women in the play. On this tragic note to womanhood the play ends, save for one little episode. The audience is asked to make a choice: charisma or blissful ignorance, and . . .

This skeletal plot is played against a stark background, the main feature the operating table symbolically dividing the stage into two camps. A backdrop of slitted plastic was the only large prop used outside of the operating table, a huge operating light, and a small instrument table, if we exclude the huge screen and TV paraphernalia surrounding the stage, but these are more in the realm of externals.

Also included in the province of

design are the costumes. They were all brilliantly coloured, and for the most part simple. They seemed to meld well into the play. The costume, if it can be called that, which clearly was the best of all was the huge grey blanket which was worn by the inmates.

The cast gave a good, if somewhat impromptu in places, performance. The basis of the play was conflict, and it was carried off extremely well by the principals.

The audience enjoyed the performance—that much was obvious from the hearty laughs and applause that the actors received. But the common cry when it was all over was "I liked it—but what was it all about?"

And this was the way I felt. My idea about the whole thing is that, although the original idea was "get the audience to react in the theatre", it soon was changed to "get the audience to realize that they didn't react in the theatre." And just maybe this is what Marshall McLuhan is getting at—the moving away from the idea of no-reaction.

—Johanna Burns



—photo by Terry Malanchuk, courtesy of Publications Office
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... and they said the age of McLuhan was over

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— Self-satire rampant at poetry forum —

Continued from page C-6

special jargon abstrating the topic into an obscure haze which she illustrated with "specimen 1-A", *Navapoh* poem! Back to the Certs line up. Now Mary Carpenter who machine guns the audience with Eskimo revolution and you can hear her ancestors thru the broken ventillating system and then all you hear is people leaving for the last lunch in the Fac lounge. Bill says, "throw up, and eat again".

And thus, the reading 2 p.m. Saturday. "Give the poets a chance." (Ya . . . three days into the conference and now the BIG reading.) BILL . . . YOUR ON . . . (last). First, Lionel Kearns with "Roderick" and other important media

parables, then Earle Birney with his new airplane poem giving us real symbols of double glass windows and damn if we're not all climbing further to the wing now with D. G. Jones and further out with Michael Ondaatje, who reads the beautiful beautiful "Spider Poem" (shivers in the spine) leading us finally to Bissett and the cop/dolphin /chant/scream / night / mare /real/mom/earth/. . . end. *The End.*

It's over. Go home. Someone carries you to a plane. What did you expect, a memorial poem by Robert Stanfield? An honest visitation? Fun? Poetry?

Plane lifts out of Edmonton. An arc and those you love and writing for them from out the formal wilderness.

A classic — in propaganda

Thursday, November 27, the graduate students in history presented the Nazi propaganda film *Triumph of the Will* (*Triumph des Willen*).

The film was produced by Leni Riefenstahl, a worker in Goebbels propaganda machine, and filmed at the Nazi convention in Nuremberg in 1934 which was, according to the brief introduction given before the film, deliberately staged for the purpose of being filmed.

Technically, the film made excellent use of devices such as unusual camera angle, heavy contrast, long vistas, rapid panning from short to long range, and quick cutting from one view to another. When these techniques are combined, they function effectively to hold the audience's attention throughout the entire two hours plus of the film, while they were confronted with a blatant piece of propaganda.

The propaganda value of the film was enormous. The viewer watched countless thousands of young, healthy, and apparently dedicated Nazis march, demonstrate, and cheer for their Führer. He saw incredible numbers of swastikas passing before the cameras, carried by those same people. He saw how happy those people were to be Nazis and how GOOD it was to be a Nazi living in the wholesome Nazi way. He saw them shouting at any and every opportunity "SIEG HEIL!" in mighty and interminable chorus. In short, it used every propaganda device available (including kissing babies) to show that Nazism was good for Germany and every good German should be a Nazi.

Which brings me to something that disturbed me about the film: who remembers the Wallace campaign of last year? Remember how the Wallace supporters thought of themselves as GOOD Americans? And especially remember how all of those good Americans shouted "AMERICA" in chorus after Wallace's speech?

It may be unfair to interject this analogy into a review of an old propaganda film, but, this is what the film reminded me of, and I am frightened by the whole thing.

Which brings me to the most horrifying part of the film. There were segments of the film devoted to speeches of the Nazi leaders, in particular, Hitler. When Hitler spoke, his gesture was foreign, as were his words. Therefore, because his meaning escaped those who went to see the film while his posturing did not, he seemed comic, and people LAUGHED—just as they laughed at Wallace last year before they knew how strong he was.

The purpose of presenting the film was to show a classic item of propaganda and to show the nature of propaganda itself. In this purpose, the presentation succeeded. Thank you very much, History Department, for your presentation.

—Dick Nimmons

book review

SAY YES, by Miriam Waddington: McClelland and Stewart Ltd.

It is rather unfortunate that Miriam Waddington has given her most recent collection of poems the title *Say Yes*.

At many points in the collection, one feels a deep compulsion to say no. Too often the poems become prosaic and uneven. Moving, beautifully crafted lines fall away into mutters.

*but now there is no one to ask
no one to telephone from the
strangeness of cities in the
lateness of nightness . . .*

The book is the fifth volume of poetry published by Miriam Waddington, whose other works include *Green World* (1945), *The Second Silence* (1955) and the text of *Call Them Canadians*, a photographic study of the Canadian people put out in 1968.

The author is a member of the English department of York University, Toronto.

These are generally sad songs, songs of middle age and memories cherished long after the reality has disappeared. *Say Yes* is a book of personal icons.

*Suddenly
in middle age
instead of withering
into blindness
and burying myself*

*underground
I grow delicate
and fragile
superstitious;
I carry icons
I have begun
to worship
images.*

Each poem seems to grasp at some fast-retreating happiness or sigh resignedly at an arriving pain. Perhaps the most painful of these last ones is the brief jingle, "Women who live alone". Its refrain, "beware the menstrual crone", provides an interesting, bewitched image of the kind of growing pain seldom found in poetry, but the whole poem thuds after three stanzas. One gets the impression the poet had a second of inspiration, three seconds of typewriter-fiddling and something more important to do after that.

Though the collection on the whole seems too tired to climb very high, there are moments when an image, or a gently entering metaphor, surprises the reader into an appreciation of beauty.

It is in these brief organic descriptions the Miriam Waddington shows her real poetry.

*I see
empty nests falling
in the cold air
forced out of the trees*

*by a stiff wind
I am afraid
of this bird-emptiness
and the ratgrey dark*

Sometimes her rhythms work in an interesting way, bringing a flow to the words so that they carry the flow of an idea. The poem, "Leaf", demonstrates this:

*Curly leaf uncurl
to white ungrow
back to seed to
wind unclasp to
carrying air that
landed you here
on earth in tree
in branch in bud
and in the lighted
bay of my
imagination.*

There are moments which move you as you read. But the weight of prose trying to communicate a poetic magic tends to deaden the beauty that is there. Miriam Waddington feels a lack of music in herself apparently, for she keeps meditating through the book on "dead words" which "powder the window-sill".

Often she will close a poem with an introspective worry: "I wonder / if I can still sing". One can only conclude she titled her book as she did for fear of other answers.

—Elaine Verbicky

A modest proposal . . .

Continued from page C-3

clearance, sewage-disposal, slaughtering, morgue night duties, etc. As for those tramps, bums, winos, fiddlers, and other such habitual vagrants as may no longer be accessible to remedial treatment, we suggest that, following the lead of the Germans in their attempt to remove gypsies and other undesirables from an otherwise healthy society (incidentally an ideal example of "complete physical, mental and social well-being" or *Gesundheit*, these persons be granted an element of social utility by being permitted to participate in medical experiments of various kinds. Such "human" material at hand would, to give but one example, enable Dr. Yonge to determine with much greater range and accuracy the damage sustained by the brain structure on the

introduction into the system of larger quantities of a given drug than are at present feasible.

It should be quite clearly understood, of course, that we have no wish whatever to associate either Dr. Yonge or ourselves with the Nazi mentality and value-system: on the contrary, we strongly repudiate it. All we suggest is that valuable lessons in guided group-integration, work-therapy and individual self-abnegation can be learned from the German experiment. But this question of method is our only point of contact, and since we would apply such techniques not against a race but merely against recalcitrant individuals we can hardly conceive how the two can be equated, or even compared, with any pretence to reason.

To conclude, what Dr.

Yonge has really proved beyond a shadow of doubt is a fact often forgotten in today's chaotic world: that the question of drugs and related evils is not a medical or scientific but a moral matter. It is not enough, as today's "liberals" believe, for society to attempt to determine the danger to the individual of any given activity and then leave him free to decide his attitude to it. In today's technological society there is no room for the individual, only the group, and its decisions must be taken on its behalf by a group of specialists qualified to make decisions in the related field of study, and thus the only persons capable of making moral choices concerning it. It may be objected that the proposals outlined in this article are too complex and far-seeing to be applied in the world as we know it. Our answer is that that world must be changed by the force of technological advance into an unrecognizable new world, where mankind can aspire to ever higher group activities within a meaningful social context. With the necessary governmental and provincial support we can see no reason why this country should not undergo such a transformation in a relatively short time, say by 1984 at the latest.

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